

The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

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[NO. XII.]

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;

OR,
MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

(Continued from our last.)

"Good God! a man? Where? What? Who is he?"

"It was shadowy, imperfect: I cannot tell what; but methought—methought it was—*your brother!*"

This word was no sooner uttered than she shrieked; and, clasping her hands, repeated, "My brother! Heaven save me from ever seeing him more! He was here! He was close at my shoulder, but is gone. O! whither, whither? I heard him not. I heard not his curses!"—While thus speaking, she looked on all sides with an air of the deepest affright. She seemed in expectation of beholding him once more.

At this moment the bell was rung. She noticed it, and perceived that the signal was yours. Instantly her terrors and tumults were controuled; yet the efforts that brought back the appearance of sedateness were vehement. The motive that could conquer this dismay must, indeed, have been powerful. Terrified and confounded at what I had done and witnessed, I rose before your entrance, and retired to my chamber.

No wonder that this new discovery astonished me: that I experienced a sort of relapse of my disease, and passed a feverish night. In the morning my heat and restlessness somewhat subsided, and I was able to review the incidents of the last evening without disorder.

Here was darkness that I could not penetrate. The name of Selwyn had not been mentioned; but a brother existed, or was imagined to exist, whose presence inspired terror, and this terror there was reason to conceal from you. No words can describe the tumult of my thoughts and resolutions. I was perplexed in a maze, from which I longed, with unspeakable ardour, for deliverance; but from which the hope of extrication was denied to me. I had rashly plunged into the stream too far to recover my footing,

or to withstand the torrent that would bear me away. I had shewn that I possessed knowledge which would not fail to be extorted from me; and the effects of my disclosure it was not possible to estimate.

I looked, each moment, for the entrance of your wife, but she appeared not. At length you came to my chamber; and, among other questions, I ventured to inquire into her health. She was not well, you said. She had passed a sleepless night. Something, you knew not what, had greatly disquieted her; but you hoped that to-morrow would give her back her usual health.

Surely, thought I, her inquietudes have arisen from the dialogue of last evening. Her husband is a stranger to the cause. It is possible that my construction of appearance is just; but I am far more likely to err. She will imagine me, however, acquainted with the truth. The consciousness of this; the danger that her secret will escape from me, and reach those ears from which she has spent her life in endeavouring to conceal it, will subvert her peace, or tempt her to despair, or lead her to an interview with me that will put my fortitude to too hard a test.

But what is my ground for these surmises? Surely no supposition is more wild, than that this is the undone and degraded woman whom Haywood dishonoured, and her brother reported to be dead! If she were, who can believe that the truth is unknown to her husband? that any veil has been thick enough to hide these dreadful portions of her history from him? It is utterly incredible.

I drew temporary comfort from this reasoning; yet I looked forward, with shuddering, to the moment of our next meeting. I imagined to myself all that she would feel; and, fearless of any injury or accusation limited to myself, was plunged into the most exquisite suffering. I did not yet reason on the subject: I did not weigh the reasonableness of her grief or her terror: I did not inquire whether past events ought to exercise an evil influence on her present thoughts: whether former errors were not compensated by present rectitude. Much less did I spe-

culate upon the means of repairing the ills which my rash or misjudging zeal might occasion. I thought only on the pangs which the detection of former offences, by the world or by her husband, would produce.

What pity, I exclaimed, that I had not died before I entered this house! That the benevolent exertions of this woman have rescued from the grave one to whom she will owe the death of her hopes! But the evil has not yet come. Let me shun another interview by flying from this roof. Let me hide myself forever from their inquiry, in the remoteness of the desert, and let my fatal knowledge be buried with me.

This design was conceived in a moment of imbecility. I gradually retrieved my fortitude. Why, said I, should I cherish a cowardly distrust of my own steadfastness? I shall shortly know the truth. This woman will seek an explanation. If she be deterred by delusive apprehensions, or spurious shame, it is my duty to unfold my thoughts, and to quiet her fears that her happiness will ever be subverted by me. Does she trust the permanence of her peace, her husband's happiness and his love, to his ignorance of her former condition? Does she tremble lest my fatal interference may remove that ignorance? Her terrors are groundless. I will never be such an enemy. I will sew up my lips, I will cut out my tongue, rather than betray the secret. I will impart my resolution to her. I will know the truth this moment.

What an idiot have I thus long been! 'Tis well that I have to plead the languors of sickness in extenuation of my folly. I would otherwise tear out this infirm heart. I would hang up this frame, the dwelling of a soul so contemptible, to be parched by the northern blasts—to be pecked at by vultures and crows. I hear her. It is her step. She is coming.

I was not deceived. She entered my chamber with faltering steps. A deep melancholy was visible. She did not look up, but placed herself on a seat near me. She came with a view to conversation; but her feet would more readily obey the

impulse of her will than her tongue. She was silent; and would probably have been unable to introduce the subject which occupied her mind, had we continued together till the present hour. I plucked up my courage, and addressed her thus:

"My friend, since last night my hours have been full of disquiet. I have been wavering between different schemes, and driven to and fro by adverse resolutions. I desired to promote your happiness, but knew not by what means. The contest is now at an end. I see clearly the path which it is my duty to take, and shall tread in it with steadfastness.

"I am acquainted with a man by name Selwyn. Some years ago he brought with him a stranger, whom he introduced to his father and his sister as his friend. This friend resided in the family; and, finally, repaid the benefits which he received by the dishonour of that sister. Shall I go on to act and to speak as if that sister, whom her friends imagined to have perished in indigence and misery, is alive, and is now before me?"

She struggled to speak, but her words could not find utterance. Her breast throbbed, and she looked about her with wildness. At length, a burst of tears came to her relief, and she articulated with difficulty, "Go on: say all that you have to say, that I may know the utmost cruelty of my fate."

"I have said all. You have only to point out the path which your dignity and happiness require me to pursue, and I pledge my existence for the observance of it. I know you to be virtuous, compassionate, and good. Do I not hold my life by your bounty, and shall not that life be readily forfeited in your cause? Impose upon me any task; you cannot impose upon me any inconsistent with virtue, and the task shall be performed."

Her tears flowed with new vehemence, but she spoke not. I continued:

"Perhaps your calamity is not known to the man who possesses your hand and your heart. Perhaps his ignorance, in this respect, is deemed by you essential to your happiness. Shall that ignorance be prolonged? Is it in my power to prolong it? If it be, the sentence of eternal silence is passed, and shall be observed."

"Alas! your silence will avail but little. What is known to you, will be known, by similar means, to others. It is vain to hope for oblivion but in the grave. While the author and witness of my shame exist, the danger is perpetual and imminent. I have lived long enough a slave to foreboding and terror. To pass another se-

ries of two years, pursued by remorse and alarm, is more than my nature will permit."

"Henceforth your fears may be dismissed, for the author is far away, and the witness is—no more."

"What!" she cried, "is my brother—?" She was unable to complete the sentence. I repeated, "Your brother is dead."

She covered her face with her hands, and gave vent to a burst of grief, the most profound and impetuous that I ever witnessed. At length she was able to inquire when and where his death took place.

"Selwyn died in New-York. Three months has since scarcely elapsed."

She looked at me with earnestness: "You are sporting with my grief. It is impossible."

"I shall not labour to convince you of my truth. If his eternal silence will contribute to the safety of your good name, and of your conjugal happiness, it is thus far safe. He will never more upbraid you, or propagate the tale of your dishonour. Haywood is the prey of remorse. Your spectre pursues him, and dashes, with bitterness every cup that he drinks; but he prizes the esteem of mankind too much to make himself the historian of his own crime."

"How then came you to know them?"

"The concurrence of events rendered the confession of his misdeeds to me unavoidable. Accident had put so much in my possession, that he thought it needless to withhold the rest."

"And thus," she exclaimed, "has it been with others. Thus will it continue to be since he is not dead; and what remains for me? Where shall I find refuge? Who will give comfort and counsel to one thus forlorn?"

I thought it expedient to allow free scope to her sorrow, and waited, in silence, till nature should be exhausted, and the accents of comfort could be heard. After some time, she said:

"How came it thus? None, since the fatal hour when peace and innocence fled from my bosom, have partaken of my grief. I have shunned the scrutiny of others. I have treasured up my woes and feasted on them alone. I have not been supreme in misery as long as disgrace and reproach have been kept at a distance; and I imagined that for a human creature to penetrate my sentiments, was to forfeit that slender good that remained to me.

"Yet, this limit is past; and the prop on which I leaned is gone!"

"The prop on which you leaned was feeble, liable to be broken by every blast,

and unworthy of your confidence; but it is not yet broken. There is one, only, in the world to whom your secret is known, and why should you be terrified at his knowledge? It is not the sympathy and reverence of mankind that you hate, but their scorn and their obloquy. You dread the disclosure of the truth, because it will be followed by contempt, not because it will awaken a more ardent approbation of your virtue, and a stronger zeal for your welfare. The misjudging world, whose errors flow from their ignorance, might deny you its esteem; but I that know you as you are, that know by what illusions you were betrayed, that know the extent of that expiation which has been made, am bound to you by stronger ties, am more devoted to the cause of your happiness than ever."

"Ah! the reproaches of mankind affect me not but as their truth is acknowledged by my conscience. My heart is my accuser, and tells me that there is no punishment too great for my transgression. I have an husband whose peace depends upon his ignorance of my guilt. That ignorance has subsisted at the mercy of a thousand chances. That it has been prolonged till now, is only a subject of wonder; but the hour that reveals it to him, will be the last of his joys—perhaps the last of his life." Here she again relapsed into sorrow, too violent to permit her either to speak or to listen.

At first, my despondency was scarcely less than her own, but at length I began to question the certainty of that consequence which she dreaded. The first burst of this knowledge on your mind, might be expected to overwhelm all courage, and prostrate all hope, but surely this was a calamity not beyond the reach of a cure. He that could upbraid and detest this woman, must be void of humanity. Most of all must her husband have abjured his understanding. He who so thoroughly knew the excellence of her heart, the purity of her present deportment, the untaintedness of her fidelity to him, the depth and variety of that anguish which her errors had produced, and which made her ten-fold more exempt from the possibility of falling from her duty, than if she had never fallen: what sentiments but pity, forgiveness, and augmented tenderness, could find their way to his heart?

When her grief could find words, she dwelt upon the loss of your esteem as the fate that awaited her. The censures of the world were terrible. The miseries which she had entailed upon her father and brother, were ever fresh in her remem-

brance; but these were not the last of evils. The bitterest of all calamities was yet to come. Her husband's happiness and life were to be reserved for the last victims. Till these were offered, she was not an outcast of hope; forlorn and irretrievably wretched; but too surely these would be offered.

I endeavoured to combat these fears. I dwelt upon the equanimity of your character. I dwelt upon her claims to your compassion and love; claims that the scorn of mankind, the loss of parents, and brother, and friends, could only tend to enhance. That you should be blind to her excellence, insensible to the influence of compunction and amendment to atone for past errors; that these errors would be otherwise regarded than as the illusions of a powerful, but misguided understanding; of a heart betrayed by the mask of virtue, and by stratagems which owed their success to the confidence which it bred in us by ignorance of mankind, and freedom from suspicion, was impossible.

"Ah! my friend, you are deceived. I know him better than any other knows him. Think not that slight obstacles would have protracted my concealment till now. Think you that I have not weighed well the motives of my conduct, and that the miserable alternative of secrecy was adopted upon insufficient grounds? No. I was not so insensible of the hazards that beset me. I was not so blind to the duties of my condition."

I still, however, insisted upon the rectitude of a frank deportment; on the plausibility of your nature; on the hazard that eternally hung over you of hearing the truth, but mangled by rumour, or distorted by malice; on the wisdom of performing a deed which could not be prevented, though it might be delayed, and of exhausting its effects as speedily as possible.

"I comprehend your distress," continued I; "you dread that the tale you shall tell will be incoherent and imperfect, even from your lips. Your emotions will confuse your thoughts, and embarrass your utterance. This ought not to be, but it cannot be cured by conviction, and you therefore are unqualified to be an advocate in such a cause. Such are not my disqualifications. I am not born to shrink from any province, to falter and recoil from any task which justice and necessity prescribe. Assign to me the duty of contending with the grief and despair of your husband. Let me be the wall between his wrath and your offences. I will convey the horrid truth to his ears....I will urge

your claims to the continuance of his love and his esteem, in terms which he cannot resist....I will cling to his knees....I will wrest from him the weapon which he aims at his own life, or at yours....I will root out his sorrow, and bring him to your feet, to pour out his forgiveness and renew his vows of eternal affection."

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE MRS. GODWIN,
AUTHOR OF A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS
OF WOMEN.

(From a late London publication.)

THE curiosity of the public, which has been raised to no inconsiderable height respecting the chequered existence of Mrs. Godwin, is now in some measure to be gratified. The events of her life are made known, and it is our business to record them with impartiality and discrimination.

Mr. Wollstonecraft had several children, five of whom are still living. The birth place of Mary is not exactly ascertained; but she was born between Epping and London, on the 27th of April, 1759.

There is little to be remarked of her infancy. Her father was so versatile in his pecuniary character, and so tyrannical at home, as scarcely to be endured by his connexions; and though her mother was better disposed than her father, Mary had no education bestowed on her....She was left to ramble at large, and the natural constitution of her mind inclining her to the more masculine amusements, she delighted to associate with her brothers. She had arrived to her seventeenth year, before she became acquainted with a Mr. Clare, an elderly clergyman, who first initiated her in the rudiments of common observation. But the accession of Miss Frances Blood to the list of her friends, operated the most effectually on the tender mind of Mary. Frances possessed that elegance in literature, which, evincing itself in her correspondence with Miss Wollstonecraft, incited in the latter a sympathetic emulation, and roused her to the attainment of excellence. Examples of this kind are numerous. There is not any other incitement that can be viewed in competition with an incitement of this description. A youthful literary friend, male or female, cannot fail to awaken a spirit of excellence among those of their associates: where we love we admire, where we admire we imitate.

Some, it has been already observed,

was no home to Mary. After repeated considerations of the measure, in 1778 she quitted her father's roof, and went to reside with Mrs. Dawson, of Bath, in the character of a companion to that lady. Her residence in this place was but short. Her mother being taken dangerously ill, she returned to her family, where the death of Mrs. Wollstonecraft took place in the course of the year 1780. From this time, till 1783, Mary was rather inactive than otherwise. But in this year (1783) she opened a school near Islington, in conjunction with her friend Miss Frances Blood. She likewise became known to Dr. Price.

The school did not last. Frances was married, and passed over to Lisbon, whither Miss Wollstonecraft was soon after summoned to attend the dying moments of her friend; and the school, no longer confirmed by her presence, her talents, her virtues, ran quick to decay: nor did she wish to resume it on her return to England.

This tour, had, however, some salutary effects. It expanded her opening views; it liberalized and strengthened her mind. She became an author:—and her first attempt in this way...."Thoughts on the Education of Daughters"....written under the inspection, and at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Hewlett, with a view to relieve the embarrassment of a fair friend, procured her ten guineas from Mr. Johnson, of St. Paul's church-yard: a man whose name is synonymous with liberality.

About the same epoch, (1786-7) a situation offered itself to her acceptance, through the medium of the Rev. Mr. Prior, then one of the under masters of Eton School. As she passed some weeks at this gentleman's house, after relinquishing her own seminary, she had an opportunity of estimating the general value of our public institutions. She never could admire them, and it served only to confirm her in an opinion, that day-schools, where, as she expressed it, "children have the opportunity of conversing with children, without interfering with domestic affections," tended more to the best interests of the community. She now entered on her new capacity, that of governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough. Her letters during her residence in Ireland with the children of Lord K. express much disapprobation of the conduct of the common race of parents. In one, she says...."If parents attended to their children, I would not have written the stories* for, what are books....compared to conversations which affection enforces!"

* Original Stories, published by Mr. Johnson.

Her stay in Ireland did not exceed twelve months, though she had cultivated many acquaintances while there; and in the summer of 1787 she produced "Mary, a Fiction," while resident at the Bristol Hot-wells. From the autumn of the same year, we may date her literary life. "Young Grandison;....The New Robinson Crusoe;....The Female Reader;....Necker on Religion, translated;....An Abridgement of Lavater's Physiognomy;....Elements of Morality, from the German,"....and several articles in the Analytical Review, were the successive efforts of her pen. The following letter on the subject of reviewing, written to Mr. Johnson at this stage of her professional being, must not be concealed....the PUBLIC should read it.

"As I am become a reviewer, I think it right, in the way of business, to consider the subject. You have alarmed the editor of the Critical, as the advertisement prefixed to the appendix plainly shows. The Critical appears to me to be a timid, mean production, and its success is a reflection on the taste and judgment of the public; but, as a body, who ever gave it credit for much? The voice of the people is only the voice of truth, when some man of abilities has had time to get fast hold of the GREAT NOSE of the monster. Of course, local fame is generally a clamour, and dies away. The Appendix to the Monthly afforded me more amusement, though every article almost wants energy, and a *cant* of virtue and liberality is strewed over it; always tame, and eager to pay court to established frame. The account of Necker is one unvaried tone of admiration. Surely men were born only to provide for the sustenance of the body by enfeebling the mind!"

By these exertions were her relatives supported, since her father had squandered whatever property they once possessed. Of her friends, Mr. Johnson stood highest....and it was at his table where, in the winter of 1790, she met with Mr. Fuseli, the object of her first attachment. Her reputation had been recently increased by her "Answer to Mr. Burke's Reflexions on the Revolution in France;" and was now confirmed in her "Vindication of the Rights of Women." Whatever defects may attach to this her most celebrated production, they will at least be mitigated by the observation of Mr. Godwin: "The censure (he observes) of the liberal critic, as to the defects of this performance, will be changed into astonishment, when I tell him, that a work of this inestimable moment, was begun, carried

on, and finished in the state in which it now appears, in a period of no more than six weeks." But fame, and fame alone, however seductive and powerful, could not fill the heart of female sensibility. Love had taken residence in that of Mary: love in his most poignant form, for Fuseli, the secret object of her choice, was married to another, and that other, one of her most cherished, most amiable friends! She strove to conceal her own heart. She could not hope, she did not wish, to gain the heart of Fuseli....but she could not tear herself from him! She endured these torments till they were to be endured no longer; she then revealed her whole breast to Mrs. Fuseli, and sat off for France, to relieve her dismal situation. Mr. Godwin was introduced to her in these scenes: but found nothing that could then arrest his attention to a woman whom he afterwards married, and we believe loved. She arrived at Paris in the beginning of 1792.

(To be Continued.)

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. I.

.....for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
SHAKESPEARE.

THAT the passion which we distinguish as LOVE is of the first importance to society, is allowed by the concurring voice of all ages, and that its expectations have no sooner been formed than disappointed, is the sentiment of general experience. With the effects of unfortunate attachments, the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist, have, in every period of time, interested the sympathy of their readers. Nor has the philosophic historian refused his tributary tear to the narratives of ill-fated love. Common life, too, is replete with numberless instances of unnoted, though persecuted affection. From the storied beldame of the hamlet, whose withered memory is yet alive to the tale of rustic woe, to the ducal canopy which emblazons a heart, whose best emotions have been sacrificed to wealth, love unreturned, forms the mutual subject of complaint and regret. While endeavouring, then, to expose the causes which so frequently darken the prospects of our brightest days, let it not be imagined that I propose to overturn the just barriers of prudence and authority. Obedience to parents, guardians, or tutors, is a duty of the highest kind, against which, while exercising every unoppressively, and with judgment,

would be a crime to cavil or insinuate; but, when these respected powers act in opposition to every right of justice and humanity, a distinction must be formed; and momentous, though necessary, it is to mark this tender, this delicate boundary.

Marriage has ever been considered by every wise state as the sinew of its strength and the foundation of its true greatness. The rewards held out in the earlier stages of time as inducements to matrimony, and the honours particularly observed towards the father of a family, prove the value in which the hymeneal bond was then held. The youth of almost every nation, during the infancy of its constitution, were taught to regard, with a sacred ardour, the duties of the parental character. Early affected by a virtuous ambition, they grew up for their country; nurtured a well-habited offspring to supply the depredations of age; and health, natural and political, invigorated the rising community. Not till a seeming splendour elevates the brow of a declining state, does she superciliously spurn the ties of integrity and affection. Then, when the flush of luxury is mistaken for the glow of temperance, she will condemn those delights which braced her first existence; but, then too, should the select remnant of those who live for mankind, do more than deprecate the prevailing evil....endeavour to restore the primitive excellence of their country. If marriage, viewed only as a politic good, recommends itself to the protection of every reflecting mind, what, when we connect it with each amiable and endearing quality that charms this scene of trial, must be thought of those who, while they profess a religious adherence to the welfare of man, discourage the matrimonial union?

The romantic turn of youth, is the common pretence for forcing asunder the wishes of congenial hearts. This pretext is true only in a limited sense: and, before it be at all admitted as a justification of parental severity, it is for those who advance it, to review the manner in which they have disciplined their children. Has the temper of the child ever been unfolded by the parent? To the censure, that in the choice of a profession the bent of a child is seldom consulted, may be added....that his inclinations are often as little questioned respecting a choice which, in some measure, confirms his happiness or misery. Romantic as we may then be, it is in the season of youth, that we are most sensible to the attractions of female grace. No doubt, the force of a delusive fancy may invest the object of its attention with many imaginary perfections, which are not realized in after days. But, whence

every

does this fancy originate From a fervent and undissembled esteem.

Exclusively engrossed with the contemplation of her beauty, the lover breathes his high raptures in the language of artless sincerity. As yet he knows not the cold tones of dissimulation: and his heart, animated with the noble impressions it has received, disdains an inadequate return. Now teems his breast with elevated designs; and now the wise parent should improve the harvest of his soul! Such opportunities, however, are neglected: and not till affection has determined its object, does the prudential monitor interpose his authority. Then the transported bosom of love is awakened to all the woes of disapprobation. The fond youth is roused from his dream of joy by the iron tongue of reproach. Disobedience, and its consequent...disinheritance, are set before his terrified imagination; and every pang that his enraged governor can inflict, is denounced for the expiation of his crime. Pity, alas! Justice is refused an audit. "Renounce your choice, or the means of supporting that choice," is the only proffered alternative.

May there not be a possibility of avoiding these lamentable extremes? For my part I am persuaded, were parents in general more attentive to the interests and dispositions of their children, we should seldom witness such wretched disagreements.

Alas, the marriage of infants is not confined to princes. People far beneath them in every circumstance of rank and affluence, pursue the same unnatural connections. Scarce a father who does not plan some partner for his yet infant offspring, which, when resisted by the uninfluenced wishes of his child, that child, though never warned of the paternal allotment, is commanded to accept, to the lasting ruin of his felicity. It requires no extent of observation to be convinced, that tyranny engenders resistance: and methinks that the cautious footsteps of age might have traced a surer path to compliance. If those who intend to dispose of the juvenile heart, would tenderly entice it into the course of their own intentions, perhaps they would seldom be foiled. Very soon in life, as hath been observed, our affections expand beyond the circle of home, and concentrate in some beloved stranger. How easy at this grand epocha, for the father to accustom his son to the society of his destined bride. The track which his anxiety has marked for the prosperity of his heir might then be opened to his view, and accepted without compul-

sion. Some delicacy; some generous artifice, it is true, must be exercised in such a tender expedient. Accustom the lover to the company of his mistress, but accustom him to it as a favour. Never hint it as your design that he is to be united to her: rather, appear ignorant of his attachment. But, when you perceive that he is rivetted to the selection you have made, question him on the nature of his attachment; evince no uncommon pleasure on discovering the success of your deception; let him nevertheless know, that if his conduct continues to merit your approbation, you will not oppose his hopes; and thus, while you are establishing your own purpose, shall claim the gratitude of your child. Let not the wisdom of years discard these salutary hints. We err strangely, when we imagine, that young minds are unworthy of this attention, that youth is to be threatened into duty. Granted even that youth may be threatened into duty; how poor must the heart be which is contented with an ungrateful subjection!

When exerted on the part of the parent, should these gentle offices fail, and the affections of his child fix in discord to his views, on what principle does he assume the annihilation of his children's happiness?

Genuine love exalts and purifies the breast in which it resides. In a state with so many allurements to depraved assignations, ought genuine love to be discouraged by the advocates of virtue? There is no sentiment which forms such a fence against the seductions of levity, as that of love....Impurity polutes not its source. Nor does it enervate the active spirit so much as its opponents imagine. The first delirium of joy, though it apparently entrances, ultimately improves the subject of love; like the interventions of suspense, during the progress of a storm, it allays only to increase its vigour.

To hear the disparity of reasoning which is adopted by the same mind, in the spring, and the winter of its being, one should hardly believe the existence of consistency. What a difference between the man impelled by the generosity of passion, and him in whom the frost of years has palsied the glow of feeling! He *was* warm, and disregarded the shivering admonitions of age; he *is* old, and forgets that he ever *was* young. Once, had he seen compulsion sacrifice the recoiling victim on the sacred altar, his indignation would have execrated the deed: now, he can not only behold, but act, without remorse, the same tyrannical scene.

O, ye parents, who seek the *real* welfare of your children! when you forbid

their best, their fondest hopes, from what motives is it done? For gain? To what purpose then have the moralists and the sages of every nation, the miseries of falling greatness, and the revolution of passing friends, stood forth to impress on your attention the instability of human fortune? Attend to the voice of humanity, at least as much as to the suggestions of pride. Are the wishes of your children unfounded, they will be momentary as they are illusive: but, if permanently connected with their happiness, that happiness, as it is their interest, should meet with your favour.

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED

FROM

BURNS'S LETTERS.*

WHAT strange beings we are! since we have a portion of conscious existence equally capable of enjoying pleasure, happiness, and rapture, or of suffering pain, wretchedness, and misery! It is surely worthy of an inquiry, whether there be not such a thing as a *science of life*; whether method, economy, and fertility of expedients be not applicable to enjoyment; and whether there be not a want of dexterity in pleasure which renders our little scantling of happiness still less, and a profuseness, an intoxication in bliss which leads to satiety, disgust, and self-aborrence. There is not a doubt but that health, talents, character, decent competency, respectable friends, are real, substantial blessings; and yet, do we not daily see those who enjoy many, or all these good things, contrive, notwithstanding, to be as unhappy as others to whose lot few of them have fallen? I believe one great source of this mistake, or misconduct, is owing to a certain stimulus with us, called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we ascend other eminences, for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape, but rather for the distant pride of looking down on others of our fellow-creatures seemingly diminutive in humbler stations.

After all that has been said on the other side of the question, MAN is by no means a happy creature. I do not speak of the selected few, favoured by partial heaven, whose souls are tuned to gladness amid riches and honours, and prudence and

* It was the opinion of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, that the prose of Burns was still more extraordinary than even his poetry. We shall continue to extract his beauties occasionally.

wisdom. I speak of the neglected many, whose nerves, whose sinews, whose days are sold to the minions of fortune. It is this way of thinking, it is these melancholy truths, that made religion precious to the poor miserable children of men. If it is a mere phantom, existing only in the heated imagination of enthusiasm....

"What truth on earth so precious as the lie!"

My idle reasoning sometimes makes me a little sceptical, but the necessities of my heart always give the cold philosophising the lie. Who looks for the heart weaned from earth....the soul affianced to her God....the correspondence fixed with heaven....the pious supplication and the devout thanksgiving, constant as the vicissitudes of even and morn....who thinks to meet these in the court, the palace, in the glare of public life? No: to find them in their precious importance and divine efficacy, we must search among the obscure recesses of disappointment, affliction, poverty, and distress.

Religion, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable, that setting revelation aside, every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at least near 4000 years, have in some form or other firmly believed it. In vain would we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch, but when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct. I know not whether I have ever sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them, but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my progress through life, in the language of the book of Job:

"Against the day of battle and of war,"
spoken of religion.

'Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,

'Tis this that gilds the horror of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,

When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;

'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,

Disarms affliction, or repels his dart;
Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies!

Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The ONE is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble

stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The OTHER is made up of these feelings and sentiments which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul, those *senses of the mind*, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to those awful obscure realities, an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come beyond death and the grave! The first gives the nerve of combat while a ray of hope beams on the field....the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

PETER THE GREAT,

DESIROUS of forming useful establishments in his dominions, and of encouraging those already existing, visited the different work-shop and manufactories with much assiduity.—Among others, were the forges of Muller, at Istia, on the road to Kalouga, at ninety wrosts distance from Moscow. He once passed a whole month there, during which time he drank chalybeate waters; and after having given due attention to the affairs of the state, which he never neglected; he amused himself with not only seeing and examining every thing in the most minute manner, but also with putting his hand to the work, and learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well, that one of the last days of this excursion, he forged alone eighteen poods of iron (the pood is equal to forty pounds), and put his own particular mark on each bar. The *boyars* and other *noblemen* of his suite were obliged to *blow the bellows*, to *stir the fire*, to *carry coals*, and perform all the other offices of *journeymen blacksmiths*.

Some days after, on his return to Moscow, he went to see Verner Muller, bestowed great praise on his establishment, and asked him how much he gave per pood for iron in bars, furnished by a *master blacksmith*. "Three copacks, or an altin," answered Muller. "Well, then," said the Czar, "I have earned eighteen altins, and am come to be paid." Muller immediately opened his bureau, took out eighteen ducats, and counting them before the prince, "It is the least," said he, "that can be given to such a workman as your majesty:" but the emperor refused them; "Take again your ducats," said he, "and pay me the usual price; I have worked no better than another blacksmith, and this will serve to buy me a pair of shoes, of which I am in great want;" at the same

time his majesty shewed him those he wore, which had already been soled, and stood in need of another repair. He took the eighteen altins, went directly to a shop, bought a pair of shoes, and took great pains in showing them on his feet, saying to those who were present, "I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with *hammer and anvil*."

Peter, after having brought the Swedish war to a glorious conclusion, determined to avail himself of the troubles in Persia, and to march against the Sophy. He discovered his design to none but the empress, and his favourite, Menchicoff, with whom he was quite alone. "I have entrusted my secret" said he, "to none but you, and forbid you to speak of it to any one." Some days after, being alone with one of his *dentcht chicks*, and meditating on the means of executing his great design with success, he asked if there were any news: "None, Sire, except that we are going to march against the Persians." "What," replied the emperor, with surprise, "March against the Persians! Tell me, immediately, from whom you had that falsity!"—"From the empress's parrot, Sire; I heard it yesterday, while I was in the anti-chamber, repeat several times, *Ei persi padiom* we will march into Persia." Peter sent immediately for Prince Menchicoff to attend him to the apartment of the empress, and told them both, that as the secret he had entrusted to them was divulged, he insisted on knowing to whom they had mentioned it. Catharine and Menchicoff protested they had not opened their mouths on the subject. The Czar, convinced of their innocence, turned towards the parrot.

"Here," said he, "is the traitor; it was one of my *dentcht chicks* who told me. In our conversation we frequently said, *we will march into Persia*, and the rogue has remembered and repeated it. You must remove him from your apartment," added he to the empress, laughing, "for it is necessary that we should be on our guard both against *traitors* and *babblers*."

SLANDER.

MANY have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds, for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass: the death thereof is an evil death.

New-York,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1801.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMAS BY N. P. IN OUR
LAST.

1. Bank. 2. Buck. 3. Bull.

CHARADE.

My first is a fish, sometimes caught with a
hook :

My second I do when I write in a book :

My whole's a mechanic, to all men well
known,

Pursuing his trade both in country and town.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

PHILANTHROPY,

EXHIBITED IN THE ABBE DEL' EPEE'S
NARRATIVE.

[From the German of Kotzebue.]

Abbe. It is about eight years since an
officer of the police brought to me a boy
who was deaf and dumb. He had been
found on the *Pont Neuf*, appeared to be
about nine or ten years of age, and was of
an engaging appearance. The coarse tat-
ters with which he was clothed, made me
at first suppose he belonged to poor peo-
ple, and I proposed to take care of him....
The next morning, when I examined him
more minutely, I observed a certain dig-
nity in his looks. He seemed astonished
to find himself in rags, and I suspected
that it was not without some intention he
had been thus clothed and exposed. I im-
mediately published the circumstance, and
accurately described his person in the
newspapers, but without effect. It is not
usual with mankind to be too eager in ac-
knowledging those who are unfortunate.

As I perceived that all investigation was
in vain, and as I was convinced that this
child was the victim of some secret in-
trigue, I now merely endeavoured to ob-
tain information from himself. I called
him Theodore, and received him among
my pupils. He soon distinguished him-
self, and so entirely justified my hopes,
that after the expiration of three years, his
mind expanded, and he was (if I may use
the expression) a second time created, I
conversed with him by signs, which in ra-
pidity almost equaled thoughts. One
day, as we drove past a court of justice in
Paris, he saw a magistrate step from his
carriage, and was unusually agitated. I
asked the reason, and he gave me to un-
derstand that a man like this, clothed in
purple and ermine, had often embraced
him, and shed tears over him. From
this I concluded that he must be the son of

near relation of some magistrate, who,
from his robes, could only belong to a su-
perior court of justice; consequently that
my pupil's native place was probably a
town of considerable size. Another time,
as we were walking together, we met the
funeral of a nobleman. I immediately
perceived the former agitation in Theo-
dore, which increased as the procession
came nearer. At length the hearse pas-
sed us....he trembled, and fell upon my
neck. I questioned him, and he replied
by signs, that a short time before he was
conveyed to Paris, he had followed the
hearse, in which was the man who had so
often caressed him. From this I conclud-
ed he was an orphan, and the heir to a
large fortune, of which his relations had
been induced to deprive him by his help-
less situation. These important discove-
ries doubled my zeal and resolution. The-
odore became daily more interesting to me,
and I began to cherish hopes of regaining
his property for him. But how to begin
my search? He had never heard his fa-
ther's name; he knew not where he had
received existence. I asked him whether
he remembered when he was first brought
to Paris. He answered in the affirmative,
and assured me he should know the gates
through which he entered. The very next
morning we went forth to examine them,
and when we approached those which are
called *del' Enfer*, he made a sign that he
recognized them; that the carriage was
there examined, and that his two conduc-
tors, whose feature still were present
to his mind, alighted with him there.
These new discoveries proved that he
came from the south of France. He ad-
ded that he was several days on the road
....and that the horses were changed al-
most every hour. After making calcula-
tions from his several statements, I con-
cluded that his native place was one of the
principal towns in the south of France.

After numberless unavailing enquiries
by letter, I at last resolved to make a tour
through the southern towns with Theo-
dore. The various circumstances, which
he so minutely collected, made me hope
that he would easily recognize the place
of his nativity. The undertaking was cer-
tainly difficult, for I thought all expecta-
tions of success were idle, unless our jour-
ney was performed on foot. I am old, but
heaven was pleased to grant me strength.
In spite of age and infirmity I left Paris
above two months ago. I passed through
the gates *del' Enfer*, which Theodore
again recognized. When we had left Pa-
ris a little way behind us, we embraced
each other, prayed that heaven would

guide our steps, and pursued our way
with confidence. We have visited almost
every place of magnitude, and now my
strength was beginning to fail....my conso-
latory hopes were nearly exhausted, when
this morning we arrived before the gates
of Toulouse.

We entered the town....Theodore in-
stantly seized my hand, and made a sign
that he knew it. We proceeded. At
every step his appearance became more
animated, and tears fell from his eyes.
We arrived at the market-place, when he
suddenly threw himself on the earth, and
raised his hands towards heaven....then
sprung up, and informed me he had now
found the place of his birth. Like him,
intoxicated with delight, I forgot all the
fatigues of my journey. We wandered to
other parts of the town, and at length
reached this square. He espied the pa-
lace. Exactly opposite to your house,
uttered aloud shriek, threw himself breath-
less into my arms, and pointed out the ha-
bitation of his father. I made enquiries,
and learnt that this palace formerly be-
longed to the family of Count Solar, the
last branch of which is my pupil....that all
his property is in the possession of a Mr.
Darlemont, the guardian and maternal un-
cle of the young Count, by a false declara-
tion of whose death, he became possessed
of it. I immediately tried to discover
who was the most eminent advocate in
Toulouse, that I might entrust him with
this important business. You were men-
tioned to me, sir, and I am come to place
in your hands what is dearest to me in the
world....the fate of Theodore. Heaven
sent him to me that I might educate him.
Receive him from my hands, and let your
exertions restore to him the rank and for-
tune, to which he is entitled by the laws
of nature and of France.

To tell you how much it has cost me is
impossible....but the exalted idea of be-
ing, as it were, a new creator, inspired
me with strength and resolution. If the
peasant feels delight when he beholds the
abundant harvest which rewards his in-
dustry; judge what must be my sensa-
tions, when I stand in the midst of my
pupils, and see how the unfortunate be-
ings emerge by degrees from darkness....
how they become animated by the first
beam of heavenly light....how they, step
by step, discover their powers, impart
their ideas to each other, and form around
me an interesting family, of which I am
the happy father.....Yes, there are many
more brilliant delights....many more easi-
ly attained....but I doubt whether in uni-
versal nature there is one more real.



Parnassian Garland.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

On thou! descended from above,
 Dear emblem of angelic love,
 With whom the virtues dwell;
 By all thy votaries' num'rous names,
 Accept the meed my fancy frames,
 The tribute of my shell.

On mercy's pinions borne afar,
 The soul, that scan'd the point of war,
 And spurn'd the trophied crest,
 Will turn with raptur'd orbs to see,
 Where thou, with sensibility,
 Adorn'st the godlike breast.

Oh! come then, while the germs of youth
 Demand the friendly beam of truth,
 To call them into bloom;
 Come!—for 'tis thine to radiate
 The fast-depending clouds of fate,
 And cheer misfortune's gloom.

Teach me to love the virtuous man,
 With tenderness his faults to scan,
 And bind his thoughts to mine;
 Transplanting to myself his worth;
 So round the oak of manly groth,
 The ivy's tendrils twine.

Yes, goddess! yes, with such a friend,
 The quiv'ring lamp of night I'll spend,
 And pass the hours of day;
 Behold with philosophic eyes
 The ancient states before me rise,
 Grow, flourish, and decay.

While, hov'ring round on mental wings,
 Mortality her precepts brings,
 To strengthen nature's plan;
 For ah! tho' wit awhile may flame,
 'Tis virtue only, sacred name!
 'TIS VIRTUE MAKES THE MAN.

Nor then I'll spurn thy softer laws,
 When beauty, pleading friendship's cause,
 Beams from my SARAH's eye;
 No, no; let Hyman light his torch,
 And lead our steps to pleasure's porch,
 We'll enter, wreath'd with joy.

Our children then may claim our love,
 Our precepts shall their minds improve,
 And early vice efface;
 Till springing from a chosen few,
 Affection's plan I still pursue,
 And grasp the human race!

Yet not to me alone confin'd,
 Friendship! expand each narrow mind,
 Inform, instruct the whole;
 So shall we view with glowing eyes,
 Creation one vast paradise,
 Thy seat, each human soul.

TO COQUETILLA.

CEASE, prithee cease, each vain endeavour,
 Believe me, all thy hopes are vain;
 For never Coquetilla, never,
 Can my firm heart receive thy chain.

Thy voice so soft, thy artful languish,
 Thy prudish frown, thy luring smile,
 Thy sighs—the counterfeits of anguish,
 I know, are but the tricks of guile.

In vain, my love or pride to waken,
 You flirt it with a score of beaux;
 Sadly, indeed, are you mistaken:
 'Twill never ruffle my repose.

And, though with twenty more coquetting,
 You sternly frown'd on me alone;
 Faith I should ne'er waste time in fretting,
 Nor e'er to winds or waters moan.

Stop thy bootless persecution,
 I swear by each bright saint above
 Thou canst not shake my resolution;
 For, one of matchless charms, I love!

Mild as the sweet May's sweetest morning,
 Is she for whom my bosom sighs;
 Her mind, each gentle grace adorning,
 Speaks in her love-inspiring eyes:

The tints upon her fine cheek, glowing,
 Shame the frail Rose's meaner hue;
 And the soft tones from her lips flowing,
 Fall like the moon's reviving dew.

Say, when in all her glories dighted,
 The pale Moon mounts her silver car;
 What gazing eye by her delighted,
 Can heed the twinkling of a star?

ODE TO THE MUSES.

YE flitting hours, still on the wing,
 Where are your transient pleasures flown?
 What time the muse was wont to sing
 Of joys, which then, were all my own.

When jocund health inspir'd the strain,
 And prompted all the muses' fire;
 I sung of shepherds on the plain,
 Their constant loves, their chaste desires.

And oft, as active fancy led,
 I rov'd o'er fiction's fairy ground;
 Cull'd every flow'ret in the shade,
 And trod the ever-varying round.

Sweet poesy! celestial power!
 Thy dulcet strains can soothe my woe!
 Can ease the languor of each hour,
 Can bid my tears forget to flow!

When gloomy thoughts my soul invade,
 And all my inward peace destroy!
 I call the muses to my aid,
 And share the evanescent joy!

In verse there is a magic power,
 That steals upon the human mind;
 Though pen'ry gripe, and tempests lour,
 Yet fancy still is unconfin'd!

Then let me still be of your train,
 Ye muses, and ye sylvan gods;
 Since human joys are light and vain,
 Lead, lead me to your blest abode.

THE INVITATION.

TO HENRY.

COME, Henry, come! for lo! the day
 Sheds purple glories on the sight;
 Say, shall we bend our happy way
 To where yon trees are waving light?

Or shall we seek yon bean-flower bed,
 Where breezes faint with rich perfume?
 Or range through woods, whose brow a feet
 tread

On lilies wild, or strawberries' bloom.
 Yet ah! each path with thee is sweet,
 And as I on thy dear arm lean,
 The same to me the dark retreat
 As where the sun-shine cheers the green.

Then haste along, and let us rove
 Through all the charms of dale or plain:
 For whilst I own a sister's love,
 I scorn vile Slander's idle strain.

Charm'd with thy animated mind,
 Sooth'd by the softness of thy heart,
 I bless thy sentiments refined,
 And own the transport they impart:—

And gaily to thy wit I smile,
 Or fondly to thy tender tone,
 I bend the listening ear, the while
 I make thy feelings all my own.

O! come, thou warmest, kindest friend!
 Come with those eyes so blue and clear;
 I care not where our footsteps bend,
 For I am loved, and thou art dear.

TO MARGARETTA.

WHY, Margarett, strive to hide
 The tears to lost Louisa giv'n?
 O, trust me! though despis'd by pride,
 A tender heart's the care of heav'n.

Let folly's callous-breasted throng,
 Laugh at the tale of love's distress;
 But I to thee will pour the song,
 Sweet child of dove-ey'd tenderness!

The giddy, gay, unthinking fair,
 The blaze of orient gems may prize,
 But brighter far the tear-drops are,
 That fall from pity's lucid eyes.

More sweet's the rose at dawn of day,
 (Its bending head impearl'd with dew)
 Then when the noon-tide sun's fierce ray
 Expands its beauties to the view.

O! far may my guardian angels keep
 From thy pure bosom sorrows' throne,
 Not that I wish thee ne'er to weep,
 But weep for storied woes alone.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune:
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

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